Ordinarily, I like whip it out,

 my library card, but cheap books
 by celebrities, instant classics
 of Beltway blowjobs and sex

 novels by priests shiver my
timbre. My other, significant or no,
depending on the moment, is Tantric

or tantrum. I hide in the spiritual, entirely
     reclusive, talking only to convenience

 store clerks, who, blessedly, give two
                     shits about nothing.